

fice the poor to get a bigger fee. Many and many a case he treated for nothing, I'm told; he'd keep the biggest folks in Nortonville waiting in his receiving room while he was giving free treatment to some poor colored woman who'd got in to see him first. And that's how he came to grief.

"You see, Miss, Doc Bentley was engaged to be married to Miss Edith Somers, the only daughter of old Jim Somers, who built the railroad from Clafin clear over those mountains. The day was set for their marriage at the Presbyterian church. And you'd have thought that he'd have let up a little on his practicing, with his wedding day only a few hours off. But he didn't. He worked harder than ever, and people said that, likely as not, he'd forget which was the day and remember only which wasn't.

"The night before his marriage a call came over the long distance telephone from Carters, which lies eighteen miles south from Nortonville, in the midst of the mountains. A negro man had been crushed by a wagon and he was the nearest doctor. Would he come at once? If he didn't there'd be one life to set against the many he'd saved when they came to audit his book of life on judgment day.

"Doc Bentley dropped the telephone receiver and called to his man, 'Saddle my horse, Jim,' he said. 'I'm going to ride to Carters.' And, seeing that nothing he could say would stop him, Jim saddled the horse, and Doc Bent-

ley reached Carters at midnight and saved a life.

"It had been downhill to Carters, but it was uphill going back, and eighteen miles upon a tired horse may mean five hours or twenty-four, when the mountain roads have become rushing streams, and especially when your horse falls and breaks his leg in two places. Doc Bentley rose up from the muddy ground, looked at the animal, and drew his revolver from his pocket to put it out of its pain. Then he reflected. 'If I can cure a man's broken leg I reckon I can cure a horse's,' he said to himself. So he pulled the beast into a thicket, and two days later, he was back there with plaster of paris and a load of corn—and the end of it is that Doc Bentley rides that same nag today, up and around Grangers. See, there he comes over that rise. He'll be here in five minutes. Watch him when he passes; the horse has a limp, and though he can go when he wants to, Doc Bentley won't push him on these made roads.

"Where was I at? O, yes, Well, when he was six miles out of Nortonville, and walking into town, Miss Edith Somers was waiting at the Presbyterian church. That was at noon, and you might think Doc Bentley could have covered the distance on foot by then. But the fact is—which I forgot to tell you—that he had been stunned by his fall and lay like a log in the road from two in the morning until half past eight. Also, he had a broken